



8°. O. 21. Linc.

THE  
**Impotent Lover**  
DESCRIB'D IN  
**Six ELEGIES**  
ON  
**OLD-AGE.**

In Imitation of *CORNELIUS GALLUS.*

WITH A  
**S A T Y R**  
ON OUR  
*Modern Letchers;*  
SHEWING  
The many New Inventions they have to  
Raise their **LUST**, *viz.*  
**FLOGGING,** &c.

By the Author of the LETTERS from  
a *Nun* to a *Cavalier.* In Verse.

London: Printed for J. SACKFIELD, in *Lincoln's-Inn-Square* ; And T. WARNER, at the *Black Boy* in *Paternoster-Row.* 1718.

(1)

Q.f. 118



## ERRATA.

**P**AGE 7. in the Contents, l. 5: for  
*living* r. *loving*. P. 2. l. ult. but  
one, for *use* r. *us'd*. P. 96. l. 2. for  
*Letnery* r. *Letchery*.





THE  
CONTENTS.



ELEGY I. Page 1.



HE Author under the Representation of an Old Man, repines at Fate for imposing Life on him too long, and aggravates the Miseries of his Age, by giving a Character of himself, as he was when young: Describes the several

vi      The CONTENTS.

veral Diseases and Inconveniences attending him now Old ; concluding with a Reflection on the Happiness of those who die before their Age is burthensome to them.



ELEGY II.    Page 17.

*In this he mourns the Inconstancy of his Mistress, and seems to attribute the Cause of it to his being Old ; endeavours to persuade her to continue her Love to him still, but despairing of Success, ends with a Complaint.*



ELEGY III.    Page 24.

*This relates how he was very much in Love, when but a Boy, and the young Maid return'd his Passion to the full, but when*

## The CONTENTS. vii

*when he had gain'd Liberty to enjoy her,  
was (by having that Liberty granted him)  
cured of his Love.*



### ELEGY IV. Page 45.

*This gives an Account of his living a  
young Maid, very privately in his Youth,  
and how in his Sleep he discover'd, what  
so carefully he conceal'd when awake, con-  
cludes with the Inconveniences he lies un-  
der by being Old.*



### ELEGY V. Page 52.

*Shewing the Folly and Weakness of Old  
Men's being in Love, who by it do but  
discover their Impotence and Dotage, and  
at*

viii The CONTENTS.

at best prove but Unperforming Letchers,  
being unable to employ Love's chief Agent;  
the Praises of which in its full Strength  
and Beauty, concludes the Elegy.



ELEGY VI. Page 71.

*Is a Mournful Conclusion of the foregoing ones.*



A SATYR. Page 75.

*On Old Letchers.*



THE



THE  
**Impotent Lover**  
DESCRIB'D, IN  
**Six ELEGIES**  
ON  
**OLD-AGE.**



HY, Envious Age, wilt thou with lin-  
gring Pain,  
Decaying Life, to growing Ills sustain,  
And the kind Stroke of welcome Death refrain ?  
Why wilt thou not *enlarge* to Ease, my Soul,  
Let the vex'd Prisoner range without Control ?

B

For

For me to live's the worst of Punishment,  
And Death alone can give me true Content,  
Diseases dwell in me, I'm frozen grown,  
And what I was in Youth, away is flown ;  
With trembling Faintness ev'ry Limb is loose,  
A Swimming-Dizziness my Brains produce ;  
*Light*, which to all the World dispenses Joy,  
To me, unhappy Mourner, 's an Annoy ;  
*Mirth*, which can youthful Griefs asswage so well,  
But only serves to make my Sorrows swell.  
While vig'rous Sense and comely Youth remain'd,  
O'er all the World my Eloquence was fam'd,  
Oft with Success, feign'd a Poetick Lye,  
And sure Renown, gain'd by my Poetry ;  
Oft' the disputed Laurel it was mine,  
And the Rich Bays did round my Temples shine.

But past are all these Joys which use to please,  
And a dead Numbness all my Vitals seize,

Ah!

Ah! what a wretched Part of Life retain  
The *Aged Men* ; full of Disease and Pain,  
Great Gifts from Nature I in *Youth* receiv'd,  
And to them She a graceful *Beauty* gave,  
*Beauty* which has Pow'r itself, to charm,  
From Men wou'd claim Respect, the Women warm,  
I'd Virtue too, did brightest Gold out-shine,  
Which makes the Wit more noble and divine.

If I, by th' op'ning Hound invited was,  
The Woods I wou'd surround with eager Chace,  
From me alone, the Game receiv'd the Harm,  
In vain he shunn'd the Vigour of my Arm ;  
Or when with youthful Warmth and Heart possest,  
I gave Pursuit to th' wild and savage Beast :  
Still with Success did I employ my Bow,  
And ev'ry Arrow wou'd destroy that flew.  
Where active Wrestlers strove I oft' wou'd choose  
To try my Strength, and sinewy Limbs cou'd use,

Sometimes with Courfers I wou'd run the Race,  
And oft' before them have I reach'd the Place.  
In *Sophoclean* Verse, and buskin'd State,  
I cou'd a noble Tragedy repeat :  
And tho' my Skill so many Ways was good,  
I did not find that it my Praise withstood,  
My Merit by it rather higher grew,  
As various Works the Master's Art does shew.

Against all Ills invincible was found,  
A hardy Suff'rance manly Vertues crown'd,  
I unconcern'd, secure from Injury,  
With open Front all Storms I cou'd defy,  
Around my Head, the vi'lent Rains wou'd pour,  
But harmless them as Drops of Oyl I bore.  
The Blasts of blust'ring *Boreas*, blew in vain ;  
Like sturdy Oaks, I cou'd their Rage sustain.  
The Summer's Heat, or Winter's Frost cou'd bear,  
To me alike unprejudicial were.

The *Tyber's* colder Streams I durst invade,  
In hoary Frosts, with Courage undismay'd ;  
A little Sleep<sup>a</sup> a long Refreshment gave ;  
A mod'rate Meal, my Hunger cou'd relieve ;  
But if I found a jolly drunken Friend,  
Around the brimming Glass inclin'd to send,  
To pass the happy Hours of some smooth Day,  
And with brisk Wine to chase dull Cares away,  
My Brains were strong, and undiscover'd bore,  
O' th' strongest Liquors an unmeasur'd Store ;  
The hardiest Guest, was overcome by me,  
Tho' he o'er others gain'd the Victory,  
Had Father *Bacchus* for one ventur'd in,  
Not Father *Bacchus* had unconquer'd been :  
Thus Contrarieties we often find,  
Are in one Breast by Concord's Bands confin'd,  
Thus diff'rent Passions rul'd great *Socrates*,  
Was gayly pleasant and severely wise,  
As well in drinking, that he cou'd excell,  
Was skill'd as much as h' was in reas'ning well.

*Cato* wou'd oft' his rigid Thoughts forget,  
His Senses with delicious Wine to fate ;  
There's nothing in itself is good or bad,  
By Circumstances only so are made :  
That's not a Vice that's done with Wit and Sense,  
The flubbering 't o'er 'tis makes it an Offence.

Fate's utmost Spite by me was fearless born,  
No heavy Sorrows on my Brows were worn,  
Pomp and Adversity, were one to me,  
No Grief I shew'd for this, for that no Joy,  
All Things I had, because I sought for none,  
My Neighbour's ne'er desir'd, enjoy'd my own.  
Thou, doleful Age, do'st me alone subdue,  
You conquer all Things, I must yield to you,  
We run to thee, all fading Things are thine,  
*With thy decaying last ; we all decline.*  
Thus when with Youth adorn'd *Hetruria* strove  
With her best Charms to gain my Nuptial Love.

But

*In Six Elegies on Old-Age.*

But *Hymen's* Fetters I unfit to wear  
To Golden Bonds did Liberty prefer.  
When in my vernal Strength, and youthful Bloom  
I us'd to walk the stately Streets of *Rome*,  
The longing Maids wou'd view me with Surprize,  
Survey my promising Parts with wishing Eyes,  
Blushing the Nymphs, my Visits wou'd receive,  
Yet of their Joy, wou'd many Tokens give,  
Themselves wou'd oft' in some fly Corner hide,  
As if my grateful Kindness they 'd avoid,  
Where she not long cou'd undiscover'd be,  
Wou'd laugh aloud to be found out by me ;  
Pleas'd more with being caught, than close conceal'd,  
And hid on Purpose she might be reveal'd ;  
Thus I to ev'ry one seem'd pleasant, kind,  
A Lover only, and no more design'd,  
No Beauty ever had sufficient Pow'r,  
To make me have her on the Marriage-Score,  
Not any Nymph to me appear'd so fair  
That I should sell my Liberty for her ;

9. *The Impotent Lover describ'd,*

A Face before, tho' it had charming been,  
The Thoughts of *Hymen* alter'd quite the Scene.

Thus I remain'd alone, while in the Choice  
Of one exactly perfect, I was nice ;  
Hated the tall, the short I cou'd not love,  
Disdain'd the lean, the fat they fulsome prove,  
I only lik'd the *Medium* of all these,  
The *Middle* is the best, and best does please,  
Soft Luxury, i' th' Middle does appear,  
And Love has plac'd his sacred Temple there.  
I not i' th' lean, i' th' slender fix'd my Joys,  
The fleshy Appetite, Flesh satisfies,  
Where Body is by Body, softly prest,  
No meagre Bones, the ravish'd Joys molest ;  
Always abhor'd Complexions pale and clear,  
Unless th' adorn'd with Nature's Roses were  
That Flower, is claim'd by *Venus* as her own,  
And always in her Votaries 'tis shewn,

The

The untry'd Virgin, Shame for loving shews,  
And modestly she blushes forth a Rose,  
B' experienc'd Lovers is this Flow'r worn,  
After Joys tasted, in their Cheeks 'tis born ;  
The golden Hair, declining Neck that's white,  
Merit a just Respect, denote a Wit,  
A Forehead large, black Brows, and sparkling Eyes;  
Wou'd ofr' with Love and Awe my Heart surprize.  
I lov'd the moist, the ruby swelling Lip,  
Where Kisses I cou'd taste, and Nectar sip.  
A long round Neck, made Gold more fine appear,  
And Jewels shone, with double Lustre there.

But all these Joys, tho' priz'd in *Youth* so dear,  
They now offend distasteful *Age* to hear,  
For diff'rent Things oblige our diff'rent Time,  
What once was decent, now appears a Crime,  
A light Inconstancy by *Boys* is lov'd,  
A settl'd Gravity's by *Age* approv'd;

In graceful Youth, who manly Growth retains,  
Betwixt 'em both, the golden Mean remains,  
*Time* conquers all, does ev'ry thing destroy,  
And we must yield to 't's cruel Tyranny,  
Nothing in constant Paths permits to range,  
But ev'ry Being with himself does change,  
And since my useless *Age* does burthen me  
Come, welcome *Death*, from Bondage set me free,  
But all in vain ! I call for Liberty.

On what hard Terms, we Mortals have our Life,  
Who when opprest we must not have Relief  
By *Death* at Pleasure, but must bear our Grief.  
To th' miserable Man, 'tis sweet to *dye*,  
But Death when courted, does to them seem coy,  
And where it is unwelcome there will fly.  
Now I, tho' living, tread in Paths of *Death*,  
Faintly I draw, a meer departing Breath,  
For *Age* of ev'ry Sense the Use denies,  
My reasonable Faculties destroys,

My *Hearing* fails, and ev'ry Day does waste,  
Nor can my Palate relish a Repast ;  
With me, ev'n balmy *Kisses* have no Taste.  
Methinks the Sun shines with a glimmering Ray,  
My funken *Eyes* can scarce discover Day,  
No Joy the most transporting *Bliss* can give,  
Or be by my inactive Touch perceiv'd,  
Pleasure no more in grateful Scents I take,  
For Smelling does my frigid Nose forsake ;  
Ev'n what I was, is now forgot by me,  
And I've no Use of former Memory,  
As if of *Lethe*'s Streams, I'd drunk ; each Day  
My Mind does with my languid Corps decay.

I sing no *Verses* now, that Pleasure's o'er,  
My tuneful Voice alas ! is now no more !  
Delicious Poems I no longer write,  
To please an Audience, with my Comick Wit,  
Now Avarice for Gold, and worldly Care,  
Draw me to bawl at the litigious Bar,

With cruel Trouble worn, I seem no more,  
Than the faint Image of myself before.

A Death-like Paleness, o'er that Face is spread,  
Before was grac'd with lovely white and red ;  
Like gather'd Fruit, my *Age* dries up my Skin,  
And shrinks, and stiffens, ev'ry Nerve within :  
My *Eyes* where little *Cupids* us'd to play,  
And draw the Hearts of yielding Maids astray,  
Now with continual flowing *Rheums* are sore,  
Their Fate in Tears, they Day and Night deplore :  
Now hoary Woods, from Brows impending grow,  
Which did before like Summer's Garlands shew,  
Strangely methinks, and most imperfect too,  
My *Eyes* in Torment see I know not how :  
For dimm'd with Salt, and moist Rheumatick Tears,  
To me each Object frightfully appears,  
Like what by melancholly Men is seen,  
From the deep Cavern of a darksome Den ;

Thus

Thus poor Old Men by their own Horrors led,  
Become both to themselves and others dead,  
*For who'd not think, Life gone, when Reason's fled?*  
If Books I take, with Hopes in them to find,  
Some pleasant Story to delight my *Mind*,  
'Tis still in vain, for my deceitful *Eyes*.  
Shew ev'ry *Letter* in a double Size,  
And ev'ry *Page* grows dull, and magnifies.  
The clearest *Day*, thro' Clouds I only see,  
For ev'n those very Clouds, are made by me ;  
An obscure *Dusk*, deprives me of the *Light*,  
Takes it away without the Help of *Night* ;  
Thus I amidst *Tartarian* Darkness dwell,  
And ev'ry Object represents my *Hell*,  
Who then wou'd live to be so wretch'd as me,  
To hope Relief from a worse Misery ?

Now, I'm possest of ev'ry ill Disease,  
And *Epicurean* Delights displease,  
And that I still may live, to live I cease ;

No Hardship cou'd abuse me heretofore,  
Want, or Excess, or Heat, or Cold I bore,  
Now what shou'd nourish me, Diseases bring,  
And even from my Food Distempers spring ;  
Wou'd I be fill'd, Eating my Ills create,  
Wou'd I abstain, they ne'er the more abate ;  
The Dish but now, that pleas'd my Palate right,  
Is thrown away, and can no more delight ;  
No Pleasure more, in gentle *Love* I find,  
Tho' *Venus* Self shou'd offer to be kind,  
Me now delicious *Wine* can charm no more,  
Which can the Sick relieve, enrich the Poor,  
Sick Nature is oppress'd, with weak Remains,  
And is distres'd with its own evil Pains.  
Those healing Draughts, that us'd to clean before,  
Physick well prov'd on me can have no Pow'r  
All which, to others sick, successful prove,  
But can't the sad Disease of Death remove.  
For how shou'd *Physick* in that Case relieve,  
When from my Lip Infection 't does receive,

These

These ineffectual Props in vain w' invent,  
Precipitating Ruin to prevent.

No Shews, nor Triumphs, now oblige my Sight,  
I can't so much as counterfeit Delight ;  
Beauty, good Dressing, both excite my Rage,  
And Life itself offends capricious *Age*,  
Nay Banquets, Songs, and merry Jests displease,  
Unhappy those, whose Pleasure is Disease !  
What Comfort's there, in Heaps of unus'd Store,  
For tho' much I possess, I covet more,  
A Crime 'tis hoarded Gold to violate,  
And pains me when I touch my own *Estate* :  
So *Tantalus* to's Mouth in Water stands,  
Yet can't a Drop tō quench his Thirst command ;  
I make myself, but Keeper of my own,  
For others to enjoy when I am gone,  
The *Dragon* so was in the Garden plac'd,  
The *Golden Fruit* to guard, but not to taste,

Thus

Thus watchful, I'm with daily Cares opprest,  
To my teaz'd Mind, refuse a needful Rest,  
Still coveting, and craving still for more,  
My Store, I ne'er abate, yet think I'm poor.

More Plagues that wait on me than these, there are.  
For I my own worst Enemy appear,  
Trembling, and doubtful, credulous of Ill,  
And fearful of my own best Actions still,  
Yet in my Notions obstinately sage,  
I praise the *past*, despise the *present Age* :  
None learn'd or skilful but myself believe,  
Of my own Prudence only positive,  
By Dotage wilfully myself deceive.  
Much I talk o'er, and talk it o'er again,  
And yet by telling, more increase your Pain,  
I drivle out, a slab'ry Speech so long,  
You'd wish an instant Dumbness seize my Tongue,  
To Death y're tir'd, yet I unweary'd still,  
Do with Garillity persist to kill.

Thos

Thou miserable *Age*, can'st only give,  
To Mankind Strength; to become talkative,  
My loud Complaints, in ev'ry Place are heard,  
They're heard indeed but never gain Regard;  
Me nothing pleases, nothing can suffice,  
**I** covet now, what I anon despise,  
Old-Men, the Likeness of young Infants bear,  
Their changing Wills, as fond and peevish are,  
When e'er I make myself a witty Fool,  
And my *grave Story*'s very Ridicule,  
If my tir'd Hearers, chance to laugh aloud,  
I'm mightily oblig'd, and mighty proud,  
With them I smile, while flat'ring my Conceit  
**I** raise their Laugh, and the same Strains repeat;  
A pleasing Joy o'erspreads my wrinkl'd Face,  
And I am tickl'd with my own Disgrace.

These the first Fruits of Death, and I with these  
March downward to the Grave by slow Degrees

My Form, my Dress, my Colour, Shape and **Ais**  
Are not the same, as heretofore they were,  
My Body stoops, and now is awkward grown ;  
The Coat was short before seems now a Gown.  
I'm so contracted, and so much I waste,  
That you wou'd think my very Bones decreast.  
I've now no Privilege to look on high  
To contemplate the rich and spacious *Sky*,  
But tow'rs the *Earth*, from whence I came I bend,  
To shew where I began, I there must end.  
I use three Feet, but soon I shall use four,  
To Childhood brought shall crawl upon the *Floor*.  
All Things will their first Principle retain,  
What rose from *Nought* to *Nought* returns again.  
From hence it is that I am mould'ring found,  
And with my Staff poking the clay'y *Ground*,  
And my short Steps, moving with weakly Pace,  
But slowly quitting the *attractive* Place ;  
Seeming to mutter out *Complaints*, and pray  
To *Earth* with belching Jaws against Delay.

*Mosher,*

*Mother*, receive thy Child, relieve his Pain,  
And in thy Bosom cherish me again,  
For hardly can my Legs their Load sustain.  
My sad, my ghastly Looks the Boys affright,  
For Fear they shun me, and abhor my Sight.  
Why to thy *Brood* such Cruelty do'st shew,  
And let me thus a common *Bugbear* grow ?  
My Busines now, I with *Mankind* have done,  
And I the wretched Race of *Life* have run  
Thro' all its various Troubles, various Toil,  
Therefore receive me to my proper *Soil*.  
What Pleasure is't to thee to see me go  
Quite thro' so many diff'rent Scenes of *Woe*?  
Is it a *Mother's* Part to use me so ?

Scarce have I *Breathe* thus even to complain,  
My Staff can scarce my trembling Limbs sustain ;  
But with my Labour tir'd, opprest with Grief  
Lolling upon my Conch, I seek Relief,

Where stretch'd along upon th' uneasy Bed,  
I represent an Earthy Body dead ;

Thus when I lye, and stretch, who wou'd believe  
That I am sensible, or that I live,

Tho' I, what *Life* I have from this receive,

My *Life*'s but one continual Punishment,

And all the World but one whole Discontent.

*Heat* burns my Body, *Clouds* offend my Sight,

Nor can the cold or clearer *Air* delight.

The *Summer* Dews to me pernicious are,

And as Infection, *April* Showers I fear,

Nor *Autumn*, nor the chearful blooming *Spring*,

To me the least reviving Joy can bring.

I'm wretched, and with *Scurf* and *Scabs* o'er-run,

With *Ptyssick* and continual *Coughs* undone ;

My miserable *Age* itself bemoans

With never ceasing and perpetual *Groans*,

And can those Creatures live t' whom *Light* and *Air*  
By which we breath, shall troublesome appear.

Ev'n *Sleep* *Death*'s gentle Image, which sets free  
A-while, th' unquiet Thoughts of Misery  
Still flies away, and shuns unhappy me.

And if he does vouchsafe, tho' late, to close  
My heavy Eyes, he troubles my *Repose*  
With horrid frightful Dreams, and dreadful Sights  
Of dismal *Spectres*, and of murther'd *Sprights*.

*Down-Beds*, or Beds of *Stone* to me's the same,  
And only seem to differ in the Name.

Tho' softest Silks my thin light Cov'ring be,  
Heavy they seem, and burthensome to me.

Opprest with many Inconveniencies,  
To break imperfect Rest I often rise.

Thus urg'd by my weak *Body*'s sad Defect,  
I act the very Things I wou'd neglect,  
And striving many Evils to avoid,  
My Health with many Evils is destroy'd.

Thus

Thus *Age* comes on unheeded, and unsought,  
With Multitudes of heavy Mischiefs fraught,  
Submission to its own sad Weight is taught.

Who therefore wou'd a ling'ring *Life* desire,  
And so by Piece-meal painfully expire ?

Then in the Flesh the Soul will buried lye,  
'Tis better than live dying, once to dye.

I don't alas ! complain, because I'd give  
A fix'd Prescription how long Man shall live.  
I know 't's a Crime, nor have I a Design  
To circumvent great Nature's Laws by mine.

I only wish that I my Fate might meet  
E'er *Age* shou'd all my Pleasures captivate,  
E'er *Time* shall with his Ills my *Life* invade.

Time which makes all Things wear away and fade.

The sturdy Bull by Time deficient grows,  
Nor Use of former noble Courage knows.

The gay, proud, mettled Horse of late so good,  
By *Age* becomes the Scandal of the *Stud*.

This

This can abate the furious *Lyon's Rage*,  
And the fierce *Tyger* gentle grows with Age.  
*Antiquity* makes hardest Rocks decay,  
And ev'ry Thing alas ! to *Time* gives Way.  
Therefore I wish I cou'd anticipate  
My growing Misery by swifter Fate.  
Wou'd all my Punishment at once receive,  
And not in painful Expectation live.  
Who is there can the Pains and Sorrows tell  
Which they do not themselves, but others feel.  
Thus poor Old Men increase their Load of Care,  
By finding how much they unpity'd are  
Of those who cannot in their Stufrings share.  
Still meeting with Contempt and Detriments,  
While none in his Behalf his Wrongs resents.  
The roguish Boys, and wanton Girls agree  
Both to despise, abuse, and laugh at me,  
Their Master, me, they think 't a Shame to own,  
For I with *Age* am despicable grown.

They

They mock my Gait, my Face, my shaking Head,  
Whose angry Nod they heretofore wou'd dread.

Tho' I, from my dimm'd Sight small Help receive,  
Yet I shall certainly my Shame perceive.

Unseen by me no rude Affronts can go,  
But I must mark 'em to compleat my Woe.

Thrice happy is the Man who leads his Life  
In calm Tranquility, and knows no Grief.

And e'er his Strength is quite decay'd with Age,  
By timely Death's deliver'd from the Stage.

For the Rememberance of former Joys

Does but the more increase our Miseries.



*F L E G Y*



## ELEGY II.

BUT oh ! *Lycoris*, my unconstant Fair,  
She that's too faithles to me, and too dear.  
She whose Desires, whose Soul were mine alone,  
And long we undivided liv'd in one.  
And from my aged, and enfeebled Arms  
To younger Lovers bears her sprightly Charms.  
Our former Joys the while, forgets 'em all,  
Does me decrepid, old, unable call.  
Nor recollects those many Pleasures past,  
Which hurry'd on m' unhappy Age so fast.  
Nay the perfidious and ungrateful She,  
To fix the *Odium* of her Crime on me,  
Pretends my Faults caus'd her Inconstancy.

Perhaps when me, with weaken'd *Age* she spies,  
 With Hood or Fan she'll seem to hide her Eyes,  
 And me in these opprobrious Terms, despise.

*Bless me ! did I e'er love this Antick Thing ?*

*Cou'd his Embraces any Pleasure bring ?*

*Did I these meagre *Fac's*, or *Lips*, e'er kiss ?*

*Or kindly grant him the Extatick *Bliss* ?*

Alas ! what Comforts can *Old-Age* afford,

You see with what prime Blessings it is stor'd ?

What once Delight cou'd move, and Love engage,

Despis'd becomes, when sowl'd with crabbed *Age*.

And was it not enough that I had liv'd,  
 To the full Growth of many Charms arriv'd,

When all I did was acted with a Grace,

Polite my Mind, and beautiful my Face.

E'er I became offensive, and despis'd,

Hateful, unpleasing, fordid, and unpris'd.

Whate'er before I've been is nothing now,

In all the Circumstances where, or how.

Time has destroy'd, has taken all away  
That e'er was pleasant, chearful, brisk, or gay.  
Tho' hoary *Hairs*, are now around my Head,  
And my pale Face wou'd seem to speak me dead.  
Yet beautiful and bright she still appears,  
Nor grows less charming, tho' more grown in Years,  
Which she but too well sees, and knows too well,  
It makes her Breast with inward Pride to swell.  
And I confess she still retains the Grace,  
The mighty Pow'r of her once dearer Face.  
In Embers still the hidden Flame is there,  
And warm remains, tho' it conceal'd appear,  
Nor are her charming Beauties quite decreast,  
She 'as still enough t' inflame the youngest Breast :  
But Old Men feed on Reliques of their Love,  
And former Action but in Thought can prove.  
Unable to perform as heretofore,  
They all past Joys to Memory restore,  
Tickle their Thoughts with that, and grieve they  
can no more.

And after all what can the wretched gain  
 But their Misfortunes, Misery and Pain.  
 Thoughts of lost Happiness gives no Relief,  
 Serves only to enrage the more, the Grief,

Flown is the Vigour I possest before,  
 Nor to give kind Embraces have the Pow'r,  
 Therefore, my false *Lycoris*, may not we  
 Sometimes remember past Felicity.  
 Must we forget all that before was done,  
 And ne'er reflect on Pleasures that are gone.

Why Brutes; frequent not Pastures new and strange,  
 And Sheep in unknown Walks refuse to range.  
 The Bull delights i'th' Shades he us'd of old,  
 Nor will the Flocks remove from their own Fold.  
 Sweetest on wonted Bramble *Philomel*  
 Does sing, and her sad mournful Story tell.  
 Experienc'd Friendship's shunn'd by you alone,  
 Who to an untry'd Entertainment run,

Were

Were it not better for you to confide  
In Certainties, and Things that you have try'd.  
Diff'rent Events on Novelties attend  
As they begin, they very rarely end.

If you my *Age* object, remember too  
That creeping *Age* is stealing upon you.  
Therefore let that instruct you to be wise,  
And don't you me, because I'm grey, despise.  
Time will to Silver turn thy Golden Hair,  
For he does neither Sex, nor Beauty spare.  
Equality of Years we often find,  
With Parity of Love endears the Mind.  
Tho' I as heretofore can't act so well,  
Let it suffice that I did once excel.  
The Husbandman whose Strength is lost in Years,  
Does reverend to younger Swains appear.  
Always the New, the Courage, and the Fire,  
Which in the *Elder* Soldier we admire.

The

The Swain is griev'd to lose his expert Steer,  
And to the Trooper his old Horse is dear.  
Love only in a youthful Breast can live,  
There can it only act, and there survive,  
And sprightly blooming Youth alone can prove  
The fittest Object for a perfect Love.

Yet cruel Age has not quite plunder'd me  
Of all my Rhetorick and Gayety.  
For I can still my doleful Tale rehearse  
In tuneful Numbers and in flowing Verse.  
Let venerable *Age* not flighted be,  
Let it be valu'd as desir'd by thee.  
Condemn not in another, what so fain  
You for your self wou'd willingly obtain.  
Seems it not strange d'ye think, in any one  
To flight that Race which he himself must run.  
Call me your Brother, Father, or your Friend ;  
For those are Names which tow'rs Affection tend.

Let

Let Lust to Honour yield, as now 'tis fit,  
And to pure Piety let Love submit.

Thus I lament my *Age*, but find no Ease,  
For long Discourse of Grief does Grief increase.





## *E L E G Y III.*

**B**UT yet perhaps it may in Part abate  
The vi'lent Griefs, of my tormented State  
Awhile the mournful Story to delay  
Of Ills, that now attend the present Day ;  
To recollect Things past, and call to Mind  
Those Years which Time has left so far behind,  
Those tender Years wherein my Life was free  
From all Disquiets *Love !* but only thee.  
By *Aquilina* was my Heart betray'd,  
And I ador'd the Fair, the Beaut'ous Maid.  
I burnt, to that Degree, that I became  
Pale, melancholy, raving with the Flame.  
But then my young, my Childish Innocence  
Secur'd me free from Scandal, and Offence.

For ignorant in Love, and quite unskill'd  
In *Venus* Arts, yet was with Longing fill'd,  
Something I wish'd, but innocent of what  
Did my own Misery the more create.

Nor was the excellent, the charming She  
Less griev'd or less disturb'd with Love of me.  
For tho' she conquer'd yet she was o'ercome,  
And could not carry perfect Triumph home.  
But with her Passion heated, and Desire  
In vain she strove t' avoid th' internal Fire  
Restless from Place to Place, for Ease she flew,  
But with her what she strove to shun, she drew.  
With Charnis at Distance we each other won,  
And lov'd unknowing what by each was done.  
In Solitude we hop'd Redress to meet,  
And secret Love, in Secrecy abate,  
But that alas! did more our Flames create.  
Then we sought out a more obliging Way,  
To feed and feast our Passions ev'ry Day.

And by exchanging kind and gentle Words,  
Words, which to Lovers Flames, Encrease affords.  
No other Way cou'd the dear Fire maintain.  
But fruitless wishing Looks, Desires in vain.  
A cruel Pedagogue to me gave Law,  
And her a careful Mother kept in Awe.  
They watch'd our very Nods, and ev'ry Glance,  
And minded ev'ry little Circumstance.  
They mark'd, by that our Passions to descry,  
Each Change of Colour, with a careful Eye.  
We hid with Care, and with deceitful Arts  
Awhile the growing Passions of our Hearts,  
And from each other kept them unreveal'd,  
And with much Pain our Suff'rings conceal'd.  
But then at length our Love too fierce became,  
That we no longer cou'd suppress the Flame.  
It much too difficult and cruel shew'd,  
To hide a Flame that so apparent grow'd.  
For frequent Blushes, Sighs, a thousand Things,  
Declar'd our Wishes, and our Languishings.

But

But oh ! what Joy, what Extasy was there  
When we to each durst our hid Loves declare.  
Then oft' in private we together came,  
And with Discourse blow'd up the pleasing Flame.  
What cunning Plots we us'd, what fly Deceit  
To cheat our Spies, and undiscover'd meet.  
Whole Nights w' in whisp'ring Conversation had,  
The whilst our drowsy Watches snor'd in Bed.  
And if we fail'd of such an Enterprize,  
Guarded too strikly by our curious Spies,  
We cou'd, in Spite converse with speaking Eyes.  
In vain they strove our Glances to constrain,  
They spoke our mutual Wishes, mutual Pain.

Thus discompos'd, not long unmark'd I liv'd,  
For my observing Mother soon perceiv'd  
The sad, unusual, melancholy Care,  
Which did in ev'ry Word, and Act appear,  
And quickly guest, the fatal Cause was Love,  
Which she design'd by Rigour to remove.

My Passion with a Rod she thought to quell,  
But that provok'd it, stubborn, to rebel.  
Her cruel Usage cou'd effect no Cure,  
For Love alas ! had taught me to endure.  
Like added Fuel to increase the Fire,  
It only serv'd more to inflame Desire.  
Nought cou'd deface th' Impression it had made,  
My Love encreas'd although my Health decay'd.  
She try'd this rough Experiment in vain,  
For Love will all Restraint and Force disdain,  
And I within was vex'd the more severe,  
And doubly was perplex'd with Love and Fear.  
Then with maternal Tenderness she strove.  
By Sighs and Tears my wilful Mind to move.  
Imagining the Sorrows she exprest,  
Might work on filial Duty to confess ;  
But that soft Stratagem had no Success.  
At last she thought, since nothing else cou'd do ;  
To make Pretence, that she already knew.

Then

Then smilingly she spoke, seem'd pleas'd to be ;  
Said, why do'st strive to hide thy Thoughts from me ?  
Alas ! can'st thou believe that I'm so blind,  
By all thy Words and Actions not to find,  
That secret Love distracts thy tender Mind.

For did not I but very lately read  
Some wanton Songs, and Verses you had made.  
Then be obedient, to thy Mother tell,  
Who did for thee such cruel Tortures feel.  
Acquaint me freely, lay aside all Fear,  
Tell me the naked Truth of all, my Dear.  
What, then must I thus beg, and sue in vain,  
Is Silence all the Purchase I shall gain ?  
For Blood diffus'd, and lost, to bring thee forth,  
And am I, and my Woes of no more Worth ?  
But if thou wilt preserve thy Chastity,  
And keep thy self from guilty Actions free,  
All may be well, and innocent as now,  
And Time this fond Love-fit may over-grow.

Thus

Thus was I teiz'd, nor durst disclose my Pain,  
I lov'd, I languish'd, and I griev'd in vain.  
Nor needed I at last a Tongue to tell,  
What my consumptive Paleness did reveal,  
And doz'd Stupidity declar'd so well.

Thou mighty Searcher of mysterious Things,  
Whose certain Knowledge certain Succour brings.  
*Babetius*, you alone was truly kind,  
Who found from dark Effects the Secrets of my Mind.  
Well I remember when you first perceiv'd,  
How I was tortur'd, and how much was griev'd,  
With gentle Words you prob'd the tender Wound,  
And by soft Soothing the dear Secret found.  
You urg'd me o'er and o'er to tell my Pain,  
As the best Means to get my Health again.  
With Ease unlock'd the Secrets of my Breast,  
When gently arguing, you these Words exprest ;

For

*For an unknown Disease no Cure can be  
Conceal your Grief, and want a Remedy,  
As Fire when in a Cellar closely pent,  
Rages the more for want of Air and Vent.  
So while your Passions you constrain with Force,  
To burn in secret makes them still the worse.*

Then I half willing, but o'er-rul'd with Shame,  
Blush'd, the dear Cause of all my Griefs to name,  
Darkly at last my trembling Tongue reveal'd,  
The rowling Flames were in my Breast conceal'd.  
*Enough ( said you ) I now enough have seen,*  
*By these Effects to know the Cause within.*  
*Be plain, and tell me all, shake off your Fear,*  
*Or else I can't a Remedy prepare.*  
Thus you prevail'd, I blush'd, I wept, I sigh'd,  
And nothing of the whole Intrigue cou'd hide.  
Down at your Feet then I did prostrate fall,  
And in its native Order told you all.

You ask'd, *wou'd I possess the beaut'ous She,*  
No, I reply'd, 'twere an Impiety.

You laugh'd, and cry'd, *For Shame say that no more,*  
*Had ever Venus such a Wight before?*

*In Love you wou'd appear a Prodigy,*  
*Striving to keep a needless Chastity.*

*'Twou'd be a most unmanly Sin, and base,*  
*To spare a longing Virgin in this Case.*

*'Twou'd most ridiculously shew in thee,*  
*Pious in this is worst Impiety.*

*Though when, perhaps, you go to taste the Joy,*  
*She may seem angry, and unkindly coy.*

*Be not discourag'd at the grateful Fight,*  
*For Opposition whets the Appetite;*  
*Makes Love more fierce, and heightens the Delight.*

*Young tender Loves are fed with peevish Rage,*  
*And harmless Quarrels more the Hearts engage.*

*Virgins untry'd, half yielding, half afraid,*  
*Are in their own Resistance best betray'd.*

*With secret Pleasure to soft Force they yield,  
And seemingly displeas'd, give up the Field.  
Melted at last, their Striving is but weak,  
And breathless, thus perhaps they faintly speak.  
Ah ! do not use a harmless Creature so,  
Still in the midst of Rapture, crying No ;  
And pr' thee let me, pr' thee let me go.  
Thus, when to Hope he had encourag'd me,  
I gave my Wishes an unbounded Liberty.*



*In the mean Time with Gifts and Gold he strove  
To bribe her Parents to allow my Love.  
They easily consent, such Pow'r's in Gold,  
Who can its strange bewitching Charms unfold ?  
Their natural Affection soon gave Way,  
To the high Worship which to Gold they pay.  
Oh ! sacred Metal ! 'tis thy Eloquence,  
Thy weighty Arguments, and mighty Sense,  
Which can perswade poor Mortals to dispence  
With any Vice or villainous Offence.*

So much thou didst her Parents move herein,  
They did not barely suffer, but begin  
To like, and to promote their Daughter's Sin.  
All Privacies of Place, all proper Time,  
We were allow'd to forward the sweet Crime.  
They put us Hand in Hand, and all the Day  
A thousand am'rous toying Tricks we'd play ;  
Nay, at the last, the very lishious Fact  
They gave us Opportunity to act.  
But there I stopt, for when to do an Ill  
I gain'd the Privilege, I lost the Will.  
My hot Desire went out, and cool'd within,  
When once it was permitted me to sin.  
The Lust which cou'd not be before endiu'd,  
The very Pow'r to fulfil it cur'd.  
I then, and not before, began to find  
The miserable Sickness of my Mind.  
The Laws of Love by me were disobey'd,  
When near the wishing, blushing, yielding Maid  
I languid, and unwillingly was laid.

But

But she with unexpected Coldnes us'd,  
Rose up incens'd to be so much abus'd.  
And I (to salve the great Affront she had)  
Cry'd, hail untouched and sacred Maidenhead,  
Be thou preserv'd by me, and pure remain,  
And thy unblemish'd Virtue still retain,  
For nonght restores Virginity again.



Thus when she saw, all that young Virgins hold,  
More dear than Usurers their ill-got Gold,  
By me neglected, when I might enjoy,  
And that my Love I did myself destroy.  
Oh ! mighty Youth, she cry'd, who hast the Pow'r,  
Thyself to conquer, and thy fierce Amour.  
Take to thee all the Glory of the Thing,  
And be more great than a Triumphing King.  
For since thou cou'dst thy furious Passions quell,  
Altho' they were encourag'd to rebel.

Let *Venus'* Charms, and her Son *Cupid's* Bow,  
And brave *Minerva's* Arms submit to you.  
There's nothing now but what you can subdue.

Thus both displeas'd and melancholy she,  
Departed with an untouch'd Chastity.



ELEGY



## *ELEGY IV.*

**I** Will one more *Intrigue* of Youth rehearse,  
And fate my *Genius* with my soothing *Verse*.  
A proper Task for doting Age and me,  
Are empty Tales, and idle Poetry.  
And as Mankind in circling Time is found,  
With various Changes always turning round,  
So to decaying Life no Joy appears,  
Like the Remembrance of most distant Years.

A Virgin once there was, whom Heav'n design'd,  
Both by the Graces of her Face and Mind  
To be adapted so, that she became  
*Candid* by Nature, as she was by Name.

Her

Her flaxen Hair from her delicious Head  
In flowing Curls around her Shoulders play'd,  
And ev'ry Part of her was bright and fair.  
'Twas full as charming as her lovely Hair.  
She touch'd the tuneful *Lyre* with such a Grace,  
That it confirm'd the Conquests of her Face.  
While from the trembling Strings, soft Tunes she  
rais'd,  
My trembling Heart with Love and Joy was seiz'd.  
Or if sh' attempted some surprizing Song,  
How many *Cupids* fate upon her Tongue?  
Each moving Word, each Accent, sent a Dart,  
And ev'ry Note melted my wounded Heart.  
Or if she danc'd, her Motion, and her Air  
Made ev'ry Part more killing fair appear.  
While I, with Pleasure, hugg'd my golden Chain,  
And silently indulg'd the grateful Pain.

Thus this bright Maid with many Beauties arm'd,  
From whom none 'scap'd unconquer'd, or uncharm'd.

In various Parts storm'd my defenceless Mind,  
Nor did one Dart the least Resistance find.  
Once seen, her beaut'ous Form with me remain'd,  
And Day, and Night my Mem'ry entertain'd.  
How oft' has my Imagination brought  
Her absent Image present to my Thought.  
Fixt and intent how oft', tho' distant far,  
Have I suppos'd that I have talk'd with her.  
How oft' with Pleasure wou'd my Fancy bring  
Those Songs to Mind which she was wont to sing.  
And with Delight my busie Voice and Tongue  
Wou'd imitate those Notes, and Words she sung.  
Thus I myself, against myself took Part,  
And like a Cheat, play'd Booty with my Heart.  
While the wild Passions of my Breast enreas'd,  
How oft' have I been thought with Madness seiz'd.  
But sure it is the most tormenting Pain,  
The Rage of stifled Passion to restrain.  
'Tis what no Mortal ever yet could bear,  
Tho' never so reserv'd, it will appear.

The changing Colours shew how we decay,  
And ev'n the Silence of the Tongue betray.  
Th' affected Face will the hid Thoughts declare,  
Blushing bespeaks a Shame, and Paleness Fear.  
But more my Dreams disclos'd my Privacy,  
My Dreams unfaithful to my Love and me,  
Did my reserv'd Anxieties reveal,  
Nor cou'd Death's Image Sleep, my Cares conceal.  
For when my Senses were inclin'd to Rest,  
Were by oblivious Slumbers all possest,  
Yet then my Tongue unacted Guilt confess.

As sleeping on the Gras, I once was laid  
Close by the Father of my lovely Maid.  
And while he thoughtless slumber'd by my Side,  
Thus in my Dreams disturb'd, aloud I cry'd :  
*Haste, haste, my Candida, fly, fly away,*  
*Our secret Love is ruin'd if you stay.*  
*For see, already peeps the prying Sun,*  
*If we're discover'd, we are both undone.*

*The envious Light will our stoll'n Loves betray.*

*Haste, haste, my Candida, nor don't delay.*

Awak'd at this, and in a strange Surprize,  
He started up, and scarce believ'd his Eyes.  
And for his Daughter, search'd the Place around,  
Where only I, was sleeping on the Ground.  
Gasp'ning and panting, there he saw me lye,  
Transported from myself with Extasy,  
With what vain Dreams, said he, art thou possest ?  
Or, has a real Love usurp'd thy Breast.  
Some waking Object, rather I conclude,  
Upon thy gentler Slumbers may intrude,  
And thus thy Wishes fleeting Forms delude.  
Astonish'd, he my broken Slumbers watch'd,  
And imperfect unform'd Sentence catch'd.  
His Right-Hand gently on my Heart he laid,  
And in soft Whispers more Enquiries made.  
For so apply'd the fly Enquirer's Hand,  
From sleeping Breasts can any Thing command.

And the loos'd Tongue will by that Charm impart  
The choicest hidden Secrets of the Heart.

Thus I, who had so long, and with such Care,  
Kept from the prying Eye, and list'ning Ear.  
The Pains of Love, grown by Concealment dear,  
My treach'rous Tongue did, when I slept, declare.

Yet all this while my wretched Life was free  
From impure Actions and Impiety.  
Not that so much I did those Crimes prevent  
By perfect Virtue, as by Accident.  
But now I'm old, and want the Strength to sin,  
It pleases me my Youth has guiltless been.  
For 'tis no Praise, old Men from Vice are free,  
Since 'tis not Choice, but meer Necessity.  
Strength only sleeps, their Inclinations wake,  
And they not Vice, but Vice does them forsake.

Plea-

Pleasure deserts their unperforming Years,  
And leaves them full of painful Toils, and Cares,  
And all their Good, in Want of Pow'r appears.

"Tis worth our Time, if we consider too,  
The Penalties that we in Age go thro'.

How that, with it a slow Repentance brings,  
For all our youthful Crimes and Riotings.

How many Groans we pay, how many Tears,  
For dear bought Luxury of younger Years.

And tho' Reformers often strive in vain,  
Youth's boyling Heats and Follies to restrain.  
Oft'ner with Knowledge and Contrivance we  
Persist in some deluding Villany.

W're oft' industrious, studious, wise, and nice,  
In the Performance of some witty Vice.

Tho' Vice sometimes bears us by Force away,  
Yet we too oft' its easy Call obey.

Oft', though we cannot compass what we will,  
We are Well-wishers to some pleasing Ill.



## E L E G Y V.

WHEN as Embassador to th' *East* I went,  
 With friendly Articles, by *Cæsar* sent.  
 While I, design'd for others Rest, and Ease,  
 And Nations did from me expect their Peace.  
 Within my Breast, Tumults and Broils arose,  
 Tempestuous Storms disturb'd my own Repose.  
 Ev'n I, on whom *Hetruria* did rely,  
 Cou'd not from private Snares myself keep free.  
 For one *Greek* Dame's insinuating Art,  
 Well practis'd to enslave the bravest Heart,  
 With such peculiar Vigour mine o'ercame,  
 It melted in the brisk assaulting Flame.  
 For while she feign'd, she was my Captive made,  
 She seiz'd me first, and as her Pris'ner led.

Each

Each Morning wakeful, with the Dawn she rose,  
Refusing to her Eyes a soft Repose.  
And at my Windows, shining as the Sun,  
Darted in Light, before the Day begun.  
Ye Gods ! I know not what it was she sung,  
While *Grecian* Tunes flow'd from her charming Tongue.  
But such bewitching Force her Murmurs had,  
That I with Pleasure and Delight grew mad.  
Nor was this half her Cunning, half her Art,  
By which she conquer'd, and enslav'd my Heart.  
She wept, she sigh'd, look'd pale, and so complain'd,  
As none cou'd e'er believe it to be feign'd.  
She shew'd what wou'd a Stoick's Passion move,  
Had all the Signs of an unpractis'd Love.  
So excellent she was in the dear Cheat,  
That ev'n Love was due from the Deceit.

I pity'd all her false dissembl'd Pains,  
And whilst I thought her tortur'd with my Chains,

The

The miserable Object I became  
Of real Pity, by my real Flame.  
But Heav'n ne'er fram'd a Creature more exact,  
For she was to a Miracle compact.  
Her shining Eyes, and Face, cheerful and gay,  
Bright and serene, as an unclouded Day.  
As oft' as they salute my wand'ring Eyes,  
Mov'd me at once with Pleasure and Surprize.

Nor was she less accomplish'd in her Mind,  
For that with noble Arts was well refin'd.  
She knew the Strength of conqu'ring Eloquence,  
And when she talk'd, cou'd captivate each Sense.  
Her *Wit* was like her *Beauty*, bright and clear,  
As one the Eye, the other charm'd the Ear.  
The mighty Force of Poetry knew well,  
And in that Art *Apollo* cou'd excell.  
Not *Orpheus*' self with nobler Warmth was fir'd,  
( When Beasts and Trees he with new Life inspir'd )

Than

Than this bright Nymph who with her Harp and Quill  
Out-did *Apollo's* Verse and *Orpheus'* Skill.

Her Songs, like *Syrens*, they vast Pleasure mov'd,  
Were full as charming, and as hurtful prov'd.

For while I listen'd to her fatal Voice,  
Ruin or Safety were not in my Choice.

But wanting Pow'r, such Witchcrafts cou'd not shun,  
In the Surprize I yield to be undone.

*Ulysses* far'd not so of old, for he  
Cou'd miss those Dangers which he cou'd foresee.

What need I mention her amazing Gait,  
Or how by practis'd Steps she mov'd in State.  
How she cou'd sail with such a sallying Sweep,  
Like well-trimm'd Vessels on the smooth-fac'd Deep.  
How ev'ry Step did easy, soft appear,  
As *Goddes*, cutting thro' the yielding Air.  
Bless me! what mighty Pow'r lay in her Hair,  
A Trap was each white Lock, each Curl a Snare.

Her

Her solid Breasts, so round, so finely fram'd,  
That they with strong Desire my Heart inflam'd.  
Neither of which to greater Bigness swell'd,  
Than what might be within one Hand compell'd.  
But when I near, and nicely view'd each Part,  
What Joys unspeakable surpriz'd my Heart.  
How did I feast, and how delight my Eyes,  
With ev'ry Part which next adjacent lyes  
To Love's delicious nameless Paradise.  
How to embrace, how did I long to touch  
Each Limb that charm'd, and melted me so much.  
What mighty Extasies did I suppose,  
Wou'd there transport me, if I were but close.

I wish'd, I ask'd, I gain'd the beaut'ous She,  
But oh ! what Witchcraft did enervate me.  
I lifeless on the Mats of Beauty lay,  
Nor the due Debts to sacred Love cou'd pay.  
All vig'rous Warmth my languid Limbs forsook,  
And left me dry, as an old sapless Oak.

My chief, and yet my basest Nerve, prov'd lank,  
And like a Coward, from the Battle shrank.  
Shrivell'd, unmoist, like a dead wither'd Flow'r,  
Depriv'd, and void of all vivifick Pow'r.  
No fertile Moisture, no prolifick Juice,  
Cou'd the enfeebl'd Instrument produce.  
No unctious Substance, no kind Balm emit.  
Than Milk more nourishing, than Honey sweet.  
At last cry'd out the disappointed Fair,  
Thy dull unactive Weight I cannot bear,  
Thy heavy Limbs press me with joyless Pain,  
And all thy faint Endeavours are in vain.

Useless, I must confess, indeed was I,  
O'ercome with *Thuscan* grave Simplicity.  
And wholly in the *Grecian* Arts unskill'd,  
To Age's Impotence was forc'd to yield.  
Those very Tricks, those Stratagems of Love,  
Which did of old, *Troy*'s sad Destruction prove.

And tho' a Beauty, ev'n as *Helen* bright,  
Did to the mighty Task of Love invite.

Yet I was in the vain Performance tir'd,  
Nor cou'd possess what I so much desir'd.  
Nor need I blush to own, or be ash'm'd,  
That I by such a Beauty was inflam'd.

For mighty *Jove* had he my Goddess seen,  
Ev'n *Jove* himself her Captive must have been.  
But yet so fruitless was my first sad Night,  
That I cou'd neither give, nor take Delight.  
Dash'd with the Shame of my own Impotence,  
A base and conscious Shame possest each Sense,  
Nor left me Pow'r to make the least Defence.

But then, the next ensuing Night came on;  
And lo, my vig'rous Heat again was gone.  
Void of all Warmth remain'd, and manly Pow'r  
Was dull, unactive, as I was before.  
But she much vex'd, that I wou'd not fulfill  
Her Expectation, but deceive her still.

Blam'd

Blam'd my neglig'ful Sloth, and angry grew,  
Claim'd the just Tribute that to Love was due.  
And wond'ring that her Charms no more cou'd move,  
Said, *Sluggard, pay thy Debts to me and Love.*  
But her just Anger with me prov'd in vain,  
Nor nothing cou'd her soothing Language gain,  
But yet in vain with either she assail'd,  
Gainst my unconquer'd Impotence they fail'd.  
For what alas ! can those Defects supply,  
Which weaken'd Nature does to Age deny ?  
But then I blush'd, and stupify'd became,  
Much more debilitated by my Shame.  
A conscious Terrour then posses'd my Mind,  
And took away the Pow'r of being kind.  
Yet with her soft and active Hand she strove,  
The frigid Member to adapt for Love.  
But she still try'd the fainting Thing in vain,  
B' inspiring Touch, to call't to Life again.  
Nor answer'd it her Toil, nor my Desire,  
But cold remain'd, i'th' mid'st of such a Fire.

*What other Woman, thou unkind, said she,  
Has snatch'd thy Love, my Due alone, from me ?  
Where hast thou been, Ungrateful, and with whom,  
From whose Embraces do'st thou tir'd come ?*

*'Twas her Mistake, I swore, and did protest,  
No other Passion cou'd invade my Breast,  
She, only she was of my Heart possest.*

*I told her, 'twas Excess of Love and Care,  
Dash'd me with such a trembling Awe and Fear.  
That render'd me incapable to give  
Those Acts of Kindness, which she ought to have.*

*But tho' this said, the bright, expecting Dame  
Believ'd 'twas all but a pretended Sham.*

*Thou'rt false, the much offended Fair One cry'd,  
For thou some other Nymph do'st love beside.  
And art with me alone unsatisfy'd.*

*Variety affects thy Appetite,  
And thou do'st in a frequent Change delight,  
Why else shou'd you my proffer'd Kindness slight ?*

If Sorrow damps thee, try then to remove  
Such heavy Griefs by the brisk Joys of Love.  
Be not o'ercome by any sad Excess,  
But intermit such Cares as over-pres,  
For Burthens oft' laid down become the less.

Then I uncover'd, naked in the Bed,  
To the inquiring Nymph thus weeping said.  
Alas ! fair Greek, I am constrain'd to own,  
What I endeavour'd to have kept unknown.  
And lest you think it Want of Love for you,  
Am forc'd the sad Defects of Age to shew.  
Unhappy I, altho' my Vigour's dead,  
Alas ! my Will and Wishes are not fled.  
Unfortunate, that I am judg'd to be,  
Unkind, because of my Debility.  
Behold, I've brought you Arms, with Shame, I own,  
Arms, by a lazy Rest defective grown,  
Yet Arms, devoted to thy Use alone.

Thy

Thy best Endeavours use, try all thy Wit,  
To move me, for I willingly submit.  
Yet still I fail'd the more, the more I strove,  
Desire's Excess did Impotence improve.  
Then she begun with many a *Grecian* Art,  
To give new Courage to the drooping Part.  
But she in vain the lifeless Thing did strive,  
With her gay Flames, to quicken and revive.  
And when at last its Ruin she perceiv'd,  
And that the dear lov'd Nerve no more cou'd live.  
All future Hope, of Resurrection lost,  
On which she had bestow'd such Pains, and Cost.  
Erected, on the Bed she mournful fate,  
Griev'd, and tormented with her wretched State,  
And thus deplor'd her miserable State.

Ah ! fallen Member ! who were't once to me,  
The best Improver of best Luxury.  
And at each sacred celebrated Feast,  
My only Entertainment, only Guest.

My

My sweetest Darling, my Delight, my Health,  
My dearest Honour, and my chiefest Wealth.  
How thy dejected State shall I lament,  
And in what Floods of Tears my Sorrows vent.  
Where shall I find, equal and worthy Verse,  
Thy mighty Acts and Prowess to rehearse.  
Oft' when inflam'd with my too hot Desire,  
Thou didst allay the raging of the Fire.  
And oft' wou'dst thou (then when thou cou'dst be kind,)  
Charm the Diseases of my troubled Mind.  
My dear Companion many tedious Nights,  
Partaker of my Griefs and my Delights.  
To thee my choicest Secrets were disclos'd,  
And with much Safety in thy Trust repos'd.  
Still thou wer'st watchful, and wer'st still at Hand,  
To answer and obey my least Command.  
Whither ! oh ! whither is thy Vigour fled,  
Why do'st thou hang thy cold, thy drooping Head.

What

What envious Pow'r has thus depriv'd thee quite  
Of all that Fervour, all that former Spright,  
Which made thee heretofore so bold in Fight.  
Frequent Engagements us'd to please before,  
But now thy Courage fails, and is no more.  
Behold, no more a lively chearful Red,  
Does thee, as once it did, with Warmth o'erspread.  
But pale, and wan, you now dejected lye,  
Nor dar'st look up to face thy Enemy.  
The kindest, most endearing Words to thee,  
Are lost, and altogether useless be.  
The mighty Charms of Verse, which can relieve  
A troubled Mind, to thee no Life can give.  
Thee, therefore, justly, I as dead, bewail,  
Since now you in all active Motion fail.

But as she thus run on, I was constrain'd  
To interrupt her, while she yet complain'd.  
And of her sad Impatience much ashame'd,  
Her needless Sorrows in these Words I blam'd,

Thus to bemoan my languid Member's Case,  
Denotes your self vex'd with a worse Disease,  
And while you thus lament his sad Defect,  
I must accuse you of a worse Neglect.  
  
Be gone from wretched unperforming me,  
To some young Lover, more deserving thee.  
Go, happy Nymph, for happy Joys design'd,  
Go, where thy Love the like Returns may find.  
  
Go, where fresh Youth, and blooming Strength invites,  
Go, springing Beauty, to more fit Delights,  
Make Use of all thy Youth, while Youth thou hast,  
And don't with me thy precious Minutes waste.  
  
For Time unseen goes by, and flies too fast,  
For Mortals ever to o'ertake when past.

But she enrag'd, reply'd, thou do'st not know  
The real Cause of all my real Woe.  
Be not so fond, and vain, as to believe,  
That thy peculiar Fate I only grieve.

No, this to my distract'd Fancy brings,  
The sad Estate of all created Things.  
For if the gen'tive Pow'r was took away,  
How seon alas ! wou'd this vast World decay.  
And oh ! thou needful *Engine*, without thee,  
All Things that breath, wou'd quickly cease to be !  
Mankind, Beast, Fish, and Fowl, and all that live,  
From thee their first Beginning must receive.  
What Concord, or Agreement, cou'd be made  
In diff'rent Sexes, if without thy Aid,  
And if of thy most grateful Favours void,  
The chiefest Good of Marriage is destroy'd.  
By thee are such strong Leagues of Kindness done,  
That of two different Minds you make but one.  
So much thou do'st to Unity incline,  
And sep'rate Bodies can so closely joyn,  
That two grow into one, by am'rous Twine.

Tho' to a Nymph, Nature all Beauty grants,  
She wants her chief Reward, if *thee* she wants.

In *thee* alone Valour and Virtue lies,  
And *thou* to Beauty art the only Prize.  
Manhood by *thee* alone is made compleat,  
Which, without *thee*, were but a fordid Cheat.  
No shining Gold, or sparkling Gems there are,  
That can to thy true solid Worth compare.  
Not the most fordid Miser wou'd, to be  
Master of all the Wealth, sunk in the Sea,  
Or yet on Shore ; sell or dispose of *thee*.  
Jewels, and Ornaments in vain are worn,  
If *thou* as well, do'st not the Man adorn.  
Unlike those empty Trifles very much,  
Thy Kind increases by productive Touch.  
And they by using, still the more decay,  
And with a frequent rubbing wear away.  
With *thee* is Credit and Fidelity,  
And Secrets told, are safely lodg'd in *thee*.  
Oh ! only true Reward of perfect Love !  
To which *you* still both kind and fruitful prove.  
To *thee* the great, sublimest Things give Way,  
And all *thy* mighty Mandates must obey.

All yield, and all submit without a Grief,  
 From the sweet Bondage wishing no Relief.  
*Thy* angry Wounds are not so terrible,  
 But such as ev'n thy Friends desire to feel.  
 Nay, that sage Wisdom, which the World does guide,  
 Declares herself of thy more equal Side.

To *thee* the trembling, conquer'd, yielding Maid  
 Desiring that of which she seems afraid.  
 Prostrate falls down, just ready to receive  
 Those grateful Wounds, which thou prepar'st to give.  
 And when broke up, she still and silent lies,  
 Sheds her glad Blood, and with the Pleasure dies.  
 Mangl'd, a little weeps ; but smiles much more,  
 And stronger *Joy's* her weaker *Grief's* o'erpow'r,  
 Pleas'd with the sweet Defeat, more close she prest,  
 And hugs the Conqu'rour, gave the murth'ring Thrust.

Soft, easy Ways *you* do not always choose,  
 Sometimes *you* Acts of Force and Manhood use.

*Thy*

*Thy* toying Plays, and pretty gamesome Wiles,  
Are sometimes mixt with more laborious Toyls.  
Oft Stratagems of Wit are *your* best Course,  
And sometimes *you* thrive best by downright Force.  
The cruel Hearts of *Tyrants* fierce and wild,  
*Thou* often can'st convert to kind and mild.  
Nay, *thou* the stubborn God of War can'st move,  
And melt, and soften him to gentle Love.  
*Thou*, the enrag'd, and angry *Jove* can'st charm,  
And him of dreadful Thunder quite disarm.  
And after the bold Gyant's Overthrow,  
*Thou* then, cou'dst smooth the ruff'd, clouded Brow.  
The hungry *Tyger* by *thy* strange Effects,  
Grows tame, and the Pursuit of Beasts neglects.  
The humble Lover, court'ous, meek and mild,  
By *thee* grows fierce, and like a Lyon, wild.  
*Thy* Virtue, and *thy* Patience Wonders do,  
For all *your* Victims are belov'd by *you*.  
And when *you* conquer, *you* are conquer'd too.

Tryumphs

Tryumphs *you* scorn, but love the active Fight,  
 And more in War than Conquests *you* delight.  
 O'ercome, *you* reassume new Strength, new Life,  
 With double Courage, to renew the Strife.  
 And then the Battle thus again renew'd,  
*You* only fight, to be again subdu'd.  
 Short is *thy* Rage, but Zeal does longer live,  
 And Strength decay'd will very oft' revive.  
 And tho' *thy* Pow'r to do and act is done,  
 Yet *thy* Good-will and Wishes are not gone.

Thus she, as if she mourn'd the Obsequies  
 Of some dear Friend, as dear as her own Eyes.  
 Ended her long Complaint, and rose from me,  
 Abandon'd o'er to Grief and Misery.





## *ELEGY VI.*

**C**Raz'd *Age*, at last thy babling Noise give o'er,  
And cease to tamper with a fest'ring Sore.  
Fondly in fruitless 'Plaints you seek Redrefs,  
The more you mourn, the more your Griefs increase.  
Pr'hee be wise, for Modesty forbear,  
In long Harangues more Vices to declare.  
Let a slight Hint of thy great Shame suffice,  
Sure now 'tis Time, if ever, to be wise.  
Crimes, long infisted on, new Strength receive,  
And will thereby into new Crimes revive.  
Content thyself, that thou at length shalt have  
A lasting Rest within thy quiet Grave.  
For all vain Mortals must resign their Breath  
To Time, when e'er he calls, and march to Death.  
All, that inevitable Road must tread,  
Tho' all by Death by diff'rent Ways are led.

Tho'

Tho' some soon wealthy grow, some never thrive,  
And some in Want, and some in Plenty live.

So some in Trouble die, and some in State,  
Some dye too soon, some timely, some too late,  
Yet none can shun, or be exempted Fate.

Death will not one, more than another save,  
But undistinguish'd, hurries all to th' Grave.

There *Infancy* and *Age* together are,  
And Youth when in its Prime, is met with there.

Between the Rich and Poor's no Difference,  
Death makes alike, the Peasant and the Prince.

Therefore 'tis best that Journey soon to take,  
Which unavoidably we once must make.

Nor can it to defer *that*, Prudence be,  
Which Force will bring of strong Necessity.

But I from Fate, most rig'rous Usage have,  
My own sad Obsequies in vain I grieve,  
Who still am dying, and am still alive.

*FINIS.*

BOOKS Printed and Sold  
by JOHN SACKFIELD in  
*Lincoln's-Inn-Square.* 1718.

**G**EOGRAPHY EPITOMIZ'D: OR, THE LONDON GAZETTEER. BEING A GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL TREATISE OF *EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.* WHEREIN THE SEVERAL EMPIRES, KINGDOMS, PRINCIPALITIES, STATES, PROVINCES, ISLANDS, COUNTIES, BISHOPRICKS, AND CHIEF CITIES OF THE WHOLE WORLD ARE PARTICULARLY DESCRIB'D; THEIR EXTENTS, SITUATIONS, &c. TOGETHER WITH A CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE INHABITANTS, THEIR BEHAVIOUR, MANNERS, POLITICKS, RELIGION, &c. THE RIVERS OF NOTE, PRODUCTIONS OF SOIL, RARITIES OF NATURE, AND RICHES OF THE RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES: LIKEWISE THE CROWN-REVENUES, WAYS OF GOVERNMENT, FORCES, ANTIQUITY, &c. OF EVERY STATE: WITH A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION OF KING GEORGE'S DOMINIONS IN *GERMANY.* TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

added, An Introduction to **GEOGRAPHY**, and Knowledge of the **GLOBE**, and Three **TABLES**; The First of Distances from *London*, to the most considerable Cities and Market-Towns in *England* and *Wales*, Answering to a Map of Roads; The Second of all the Cities and Towns in *Great-Britain*; and the Third of Foreign Towns.



A Geographical and Historical Account of the several Empires, Kingdoms, Republicks and Sovereignty's of *Europe*; with an exact List of all the Capital Cities, Universities, Primacies, Archbishopricks thereof, with the Names of the respective Princes, their Ages, Issue, Parents, Relations, Religion, Alliances, Titles and Pretensions; together with an Account of the most Noted Sea-Port-Towns upon Navigable Rivers, and Strong Places.

Places. A Design as New as it is, Useful for all those who desire to have any Knowledge of the Present State of Europe.



MEMOIRS of the LIFE of Sir *Stephen Fox*, Kt. from his first Entrance upon the Stage of Action, under the Lord *Piercy*, till his Decease. Wherein are inserted, many Curious Incidents and Passages not mention'd in the Great Earl of *Clarendon's History*, during the Reigns of King *Charles* and King *James the Second*, King *William*, and the late Queen *Anne*; as also during the two First Years of his present Majesty King *George*: With an Account of that most excellent Patriot's diffusive Charities and Benefactions. To which is added, A succinct Account of his Will and Testament, with the Particulars of the Legacies bequeath'd therein to his Relations

tions and Friends ; together with some memorable Transactions relating to his Son *Charles Fox*, Esq; likewise deceas'd; with a Copy of the Schedule annex'd to his Last Will and Testament, wherein are also contain'd the respective Legacies he left behind him ; faithfully extracted from the Prerogative Office in Doctors Commons.

*Quis fructus generis jaētare capaci  
Corvinum, postbas multa deducere virga  
Fumosos equitum cum Dictatore Magistros,  
Si coram Lepidis male Vivitur? -----*

Juv. Sat. S.



AN E S S A Y on the PASSION  
of our BLESSED SAVIOUR.

